

[Elysium's Favorite Pastime](#) by [Luddleston](#)

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Summary:

"My love, I think perhaps we're overdressed," said Patroclus, who had followed Achilles down a winding warren of hallways to a room near the center of one of the larger complexes in Elysium. All around the room were laid low couches and cushions, as if this was a gathering of philosophers, but if this had ever been a symposium, that phase of the excursion was over.

It was an orgy.

Achilles and Patroclus attend an orgy in Elysium, and run into old lovers, former enemies, and one particular prince.

Elysium's Favorite Pastime

Author's Note:

just your standard elysium orgy kind of situation, mhm yes indeed i have been working on this for like a month and by now i kind of forget what happens. See end notes for which Iliad lads they meet if you want more understanding of who these additional men are!

"You won't regret it," Odysseus said when he'd invited them.

That certainly was the truth.

Patroclus and Achilles had been so wrapped up in one another that they didn't frequently partake in Elysium's other pleasures. They had been reunited recently with many of their compatriots from the war, which had resulted in many tears and even more laughter, but aside from that singular social occasion they kept mostly to themselves.

When Odysseus extended the invitation to 'a gathering, of sorts, for those of us who fought at Troy,' they had been expecting something very like the previous gathering they'd attended, which was mostly an excuse to drink together, relive old tales of battle, and shit-talk certain Mycenaean kings. It had been awkward at first, Achilles having to explain where he'd been for so long, but eventually they had been accepted in as long-lost friends.

This occasion was very different.

"My love, I think perhaps we're overdressed," said Patroclus, who had followed Achilles down a winding warren of hallways to a room near the center of one of the larger complexes in Elysium. No light penetrated here, leaving the atmosphere much more like the House, lit by clusters of candles placed on high pillars. All around the room were laid low couches and cushions, as if this was a gathering of philosophers, but if this had ever been a symposium, that phase of the excursion was over.

It was an orgy.

It was not the first Achilles had attended. There were precious few ways to entertain oneself during a decade of siege warfare, and sex was par for the course among the troops gathered at Ilion. This was different, though. This was no simple engagement, no evening around a campfire that had dissolved into everybody piling into the nearest dwelling or taking lovers off to a darker, more remote part of the city-sized camp.

This was a sprawling tableau, so many shades in attendance that Achilles put his hand in Patroclus', fearing that if the two of them were separated they would never find one another again. Patroclus squeezed back. Achilles could already see the grin creeping onto his face, his free hand rubbing over his beard in a way that was supposed to look thoughtful but betrayed excitement.

"Now I understand why Odysseus said he was far too old and washed-up to attend," Patroclus said.

Patroclus dropped Achilles' hand, reaching behind his head to pull off his cloak.

"Ah—Patroclus."

"Take off your clothes, come on. We can send them back to the house," Patroclus said. The both of them had already ferried back their spears in the usual way of vanishing them to reappear in their home, when they realized they were not being led, as they assumed based on Odysseus' directions, to the stadium.

"And what if we wish to leave, at some point?" Achilles said. "Will we go streaking back home in the nude?"

"We'll send *ourselves* back to the house, then." Patroclus' cloak was already gone, his breastplate going next. Achilles was about to help him with his chiton—it wouldn't do to go undressing yourself at an orgy, best have a lover do it—when he was intercepted by a pair of strong arms and almost pulled off the ground.

Hot breath in the side of his neck, a tight squeeze. Achilles damn near punched him in the jaw. "I didn't expect you two here."

"I didn't expect us two here, either," Patroclus said, as Achilles relaxed into the touch, recognizing the voice and letting his tension slowly give away to his desire to be petted, like a nervous hound settling in when it recognized a familiar scent.

"Hello, Antilochus," Achilles said, turning his head for a kiss, which did not linger. Of course, few would put their arms around Achilles without warning aside from his lovers, among whom, Antilochus was especially confident his affection would be returned.

Achilles put a hand on his arm, patting him lightly to get him to loosen his grip. Sometimes, being held too tightly by Antilochus made him recall the day when Antilochus held him for hours, after he told Achilles his worst fears had been realized, Patroclus was gone. He'd had to keep a tight hold on him, then. Achilles had been liable to do something dangerous.

Today, though, he just turned in Antilochus' arms to get a look at him. He was younger than Achilles and Patroclus both, had died in the space between their downfalls, and still looked as he did when Achilles last saw him, although much happier. "I was wondering when the two of you would come to one of these."

"One of these?" Achilles asked. "Are they that common?"

"I hope." Patroclus was still undressing. "Come now, Achilles. I spent so long here so morose I didn't even know whether my cock still worked. You ought to know I'm in the mood."

"You don't have to put it that way."

"Time in that stuffy House has put a stick up your ass," Patroclus remarked. He smacked Achilles' ass as punctuation. Achilles wouldn't deny that he liked it—it made his fingers dig into Antilochus' shoulders.

"I agree with Patroclus," Antilochus said, reaching for the clasp of Achilles' cloak. "May I?"

"Yes, I suppose you may," Achilles said, not without hesitation.

"Ah. You just want somebody to drag you into a corner and get you naked, rather than stripping yourself down in front of everybody, don't you?" Antilochus was so precise in his estimation Achilles flushed, and Antiochus laughed, slinging an arm around his hips and tugging him into the proffered dark corner.

Antilochus and Patroclus both worked to undress Achilles, putting him between the two of them. Antilochus was a rare man who was taller than Achilles, and he had to tip his head back to kiss him, while Patroclus pressed himself to his back and unlaced his breastplate. Antilochus now gave him a *proper* kiss, the kind that had Achilles hanging onto his shoulders, stretching up to meet his mouth when he tried to pull back. It wasn't their first since Achilles' placement in Elysium. Antilochus had spent a handful of long mornings-or-evenings with the two of them, in the dwelling they had been afforded in the Elysian hills.

"I really am glad you joined us," Antilochus said, lifting his chin a bit so Achilles could kiss his neck, Patroclus leaning over him to kiss Antilochus briefly before he continued. "And glad that I ran into you near the door. It's nigh-impossible to find somebody in there unless you came in with them."

"It seems it!" Patroclus chuckled. Now bare, he pressed himself against Achilles' back. "Shall we stick together, or would you prefer otherwise?"

"No—" Achilles said, too fast. "No, let's stay together." If only because Patroclus was good at drawing attention away from Achilles, who wasn't certain whether he wanted it anymore.

"Certainly," Antilochus agreed, "I have nowhere near had my fill of you two." His hands were possessive on Achilles' hips, sliding up to his waist and then his ribcage and back down. He seemed like he would be very comfortable just fucking the two of them, with the orgy serving more as a backdrop than the main event.

"Then shall we? Or is there any more preparation you'd prefer to do now?" Patroclus asked. He took Achilles' hand and drew it between his legs, under his tunic, letting Achilles feel he was already wet—not that Achilles was any less aroused, himself.

"We haven't any oil for that," he remarked, guessing at Patroclus' meaning of 'preparation'.

"I could open you up on my tongue," Patroclus offered.

Achilles moaned and pushed back into him, but he also hid his face in Antilochus' chest. "No. I think I'd need a few drinks before that." It was a testament to how lack of exposure to Patroclus' dirty mouth really had degraded his resilience to it.

"Let's find you a drink, then," Antilochus said. "Come, boys."

"Don't talk to your elders that way," Pat rebuffed him, darting around to his opposite side so he could elbow him.

Antilochus laughed with a good-natured ease, but he held onto Patroclus' shoulder, not to avoid losing him in the crowd (Antilochus was taller than anybody except perhaps Ajax) but because he wanted to feel the solid realness of him. Achilles understood the compulsion. He put his hand in Antilochus' free one, and let them take him off to wherever the drinks were.

They got him a drink. More than one, actually. The first was nectar, handed to him by Patroclus, who had accepted it from a passing shade. The second was wine, poured for him by the woman who was now sitting in his lap, a pretty shade with a complexion close to Patroclus', delicate hands and a sweet smile. She was there with a lover of her own—or she had met a lover there and they were now moving as a pair—an Amazon woman Achilles did not recognize.

The two women were often wrapped up in one another but did give Achilles attention as well, and utilized him in getting the smaller woman undressed. He had the curious realization that since death he had never been with a woman, although he wasn't sure he would be tonight, either, as his attention

was thoroughly stolen by Patroclus pulling at his hair until Achilles tipped his head back and kissed him briefly, his mouth tasting of nectar, too.

Patroclus and Antilochus had been expedient in undressing one another, and Antilochus was seated behind Pat, one arm laid over his waist, the other hand between his legs. Patroclus had begun kissing a man Achilles didn't recognize, somebody different to who he'd been kissing a few moments ago, and Antilochus was occasionally moving his fingers, getting Patroclus to moan into the kiss.

The low hum of debauchery and the woman shifting in his lap turned into a background to watching his lovers enjoy one another. Were they alone, he probably could have heard the slick sounds of Antilochus' fingers moving over Patroclus, but the din (and the giggling near his ear, when both of his lady companions realized how distracted he was) drowned out all but the loudest noises that came from Pat's lips.

"We understand your distraction," said the Amazon. "Those two are almost as pretty as the two in the center there."

"What two in the..." Achilles began, but as he followed the point of her finger, to where several other people were clearing out of the way to leave them an unobstructed view of the middle of the room, he could immediately see who at least one of the participants was from the bright burn of laurel leaves upon his head.

It was Zagreus.

Achilles couldn't recognize the man beneath him, but there was no mistaking Zagreus, even if the laurel hadn't been a dead giveaway. There was the cocksure way he threw his head back and laughed, the excitement of his hands reaching out for somebody to draw close and kiss, the sensual arch of his back as he moved, all of it was unique and characteristic only to Zagreus. Achilles swore he could even catch the red glimmer of Zagreus' right eye, the point of his canine as he smiled.

Zagreus was lovely, perfect, and stripped completely bare, riding cock like it was his job.

Achilles let his current partner slip out of his lap and leaned over to smack Patroclus on the thigh with a hiss of his name.

All Patroclus said was, “harder, Achilles.”

“No, I’m not spanking you, I’m getting your attention, *look!*”

Patroclus sat up fully to catch sight of what Achilles was so interested in, and he smiled once he saw Zagreus, a lazy sort of grin that said he was absolutely not being driven half out of his mind watching this. What a wonderful privilege that must have been. Antilochus was shooting a curious look in the same direction, blissfully ignorant.

“That’s... a god,” Antilochus said, moving his hand so that both were now curled protectively around Pat’s waist, his hesitancy around the divine less broken down than Achilles’ was. If Achilles hadn’t had such extensive exposure to Zagreus, he too would be wary with Patroclus around a young, carefree god. Hektor’s involvement aside, it was a god who’d killed Patroclus. Antilochus’ arms covered him like the armor Apollo had stripped from him, one of his broad palms hiding the wicked tear of the death-scar in his belly where Hektor’s spear had pierced him.

“That’s the prince,” Patroclus informed him, taking his wrist and guiding his hand back where he wanted it. Antilochus only idly played at stroking him, though, too busy watching Zagreus fuck himself, unsure whether to be interested.

Achilles could understand the compulsion to stare. His eyes were back on Zagreus after only a second.

There was a small crowd around Zagreus, most of the shades interested in what was happening even if they had partners of their own. Zagreus and the man who was fucking him were given occasional kisses and caresses by the others around, but they largely had their attention on one another. Achilles couldn’t help the stab of jealousy. Certainly the prince could fuck whomever he wanted, Achilles wouldn’t begrudge him this, but he did wish he could be in the place of that man.

The shade fucking Zagreus was built on a scale similar to Achilles and Patroclus. A hero, then, or a demigod. He was certainly shaped like a warrior, his body overlaid with firm muscle and his brown skin showing several scars, including an enormous one in the center of his chest, breaking up the smooth swell of pectoral muscles. Zagreus didn't seem to be able to keep his hands off that particular mark. His hair was white, a strange trait for someone with such dark skin, even more likely there was some trace of divinity in him. A son of Ares, maybe.

He gave as good as he got, too, gripping Zagreus' waist and fucking up into him. Zagreus' head tipped back and he cried out whenever this happened, his toes curling.

Achilles had seen Zagreus in the nude before; they bathed after training, and of course nothing untoward had ever happened in these moments, but he was surprised to find that his body looked a bit different when he was aroused. Around the man's cock, Zagreus' folds were flushed a bright red-orange, the same fire that lit up his soles, and when his mouth dropped open, Achilles could see it on his *tongue*.

"With Sarpedon, of all people," Patroclus said. "Antilochus, I know he's very distractingly handsome, but please put your fingers in me before I—oh, there we are. Thank you, love."

"Who?" Achilles had always been terrible with names. He had hundreds of Myrmidons to keep straight, he could hardly recall anyone from the rest of the army other than its commanders.

"Sarpedon," Patroclus repeated, a little irritated, because he was busy rocking on Antilochus' fingers and had no time to explain himself, "son of Zeus."

Now that did sound familiar. "He fought on the side of the Trojans?" Achilles said. There were people from all sides of every conflict here, it was not unusual for Achilles to even come across Trojan soldiers even in the House.

"He did," Patroclus said. "I killed him."

“Is that going to make things awkward?” Antilochus asked. “That prince of yours is very pretty and I would rather his partner there not get into a fight with you while we’re trying for a nice evening.”

“No, he’s actually quite nonplussed about it,” Patroclus said, giving a little rock of his hips down onto Antilochus’ fingers. “I’ve seen him once before. Zagreus—the prince—is the real concern. Achilles trained him personally.”

"I feel that should be a benefit to us," Antilochus noted.

"Yes, well, Achilles has also gotten it in his head that this means he should expressly avoid fucking his protege." He was far too coherent for somebody being fingered and Achilles couldn't help a little noise of irritation.

"Why?" Antilochus asked.

Zagreus was laughing as he rode Sarpedon’s cock like it was playtime for him, relaxing into a pair of hands as one of the women who was enjoying the show snuck up behind him and grabbed his chest, playing with his tits and squeezing. “I... because he, well.” It was quite literally not an excuse.

“You must understand that not everyone’s mentor is a father figure or something ridiculous like that,” Antilochus said. "Your relationship with Chiron is not universal. Actually, it's quite common for—"

“Yes, well.” Achilles licked his lower lip. “Things simply aren’t done the same down here, sometimes.”

“He’s not your charge anymore,” Patroclus noted. “I’m sure he’d welcome your attention. In fact, I’m very sure.”

Achilles made a vague noise of dismissal and Zagreus made a noise so loud the three of them could hear it even at their distance.

“You know how he looks at you.” Patroclus had said this on a number of occasions. Apparently, the way Zagreus looked at him was, quote, ‘lustful to extremes which Eros and Aphrodite previously did not know were possible.’

“So you’ve said.”

“It’s like...” Pat started to explain to Antilochus. “Well, it’s like *that*, haha.”

Like that, he said, because Zagreus’ head rolled to the side and his eyes picked out Achilles out of the hazy crowd among the room. And Achilles finally understood that for all Zag’s fumbling adolescent infatuation with him, the prince had done a remarkably good job at hiding the lust it had blossomed into.

Zagreus wasn’t hiding it anymore.

His eyes were glazed, hot, teeth digging into his lower lip before his mouth fell open on a moan. Achilles could see his lips moving, could see his own name on them. He was too far away to hear but the look on his face was evocative. Achilles knew what he would sound like in that moment. His hand went between his legs—he was far gone enough that the first thing he did on sight of Achilles was touch his cock.

He was so engrossed, in fact, that his partner noticed, holding him steady by his thighs and giving him a curious look before following the direction of his gaze. Sarpedon’s brows rose in clear surprise but then his face became a grin, and he cocked his head in a way that said, *come over*.

Antilochus was the one who actually got Achilles moving, a firm hand on his back, shoving him forward. He tried and failed to remain steady on his feet as he approached Zagreus, coming closer like a tether was pulling him.

Zagreus stretched out an arm, cupped his face and drew him to their side, all while Sarpedon idly played with him, his fingertips drawing patterns on Zagreus’ knees. Thankfully, he didn’t seem to mind the interruption. He looked more intrigued than anything.

“I didn’t expect to see you here,” Zagreus said to Achilles, soft enough that they might have been the only ones in the room, heated enough that they clearly weren’t. The other shades gave them a little room, some turning to other partners, some still paying attention. Watching the drama unfold, probably.

"The feeling is mutual," Achilles replied.

"I wasn't aware you were acquainted with *aristos achaion*, Zagreus," Sarpedon said, his grin toothy and intrigued.

Achilles couldn't help the disgruntled snort he made at the moniker, giving it a sarcastic turn-over in his own mouth and feeling his nose wrinkle.

Zagreus laughed, and it turned breathy when Sarpedon seized him around the waist and tugged him down so his cock was fully sheathed in Zagreus. "Shit. Yeah, Achilles and I—yeah."

"You do realize that explained nothing," Sarpedon said. It sounded like something Pat would bring up.

Zagreus swallowed, his gaze dropping to Achilles' mouth and then darting back up to his eyes. "You want me?"

"For some time."

Zagreus giggled, drunk on wine or ambrosia or sex, and he put an arm around Achilles' shoulders. "Can't believe our first time is about to be at an orgy. Damn."

Achilles wanted with all his being to worship Zagreus.

Sarpedon grasped his hand, a warm, rough palm. When Achilles' attention diverted to him, he quirked a brow as if asking for Achilles' trust. Achilles let Sarpedon draw his hand in to Zagreus' sex, feeling over where Sarpedon's cock split him open, then up to the small bud of Zagreus' own cock, like fire against his hand.

Zagreus' mouth dropped open and Achilles caught a hint of that fire on his tongue again, flaring brighter with arousal. There was a small bed of shed laurel leaves around them at this point, another effect of Zagreus' pleasure. Each stroke of Achilles' fingers over him stoked that fire further.

"Pat's here too, you know," Achilles said, which made Zagreus lean more fully against his shoulder and whimper. "Watching you. Watching us."

"Ought to give him a good show, then," Zagreus said, and he pulled Achilles into a kiss.

It was hot, all of him was. If Achilles were yet mortal, Zagreus might have burned him. His tongue was like a brand in Achilles' mouth, claiming him, his cock licking fire up Achilles' hand into his palm. He started to move again, riding Sarpedon's cock and Achilles' hand, lost in pleasure and moving just to make himself feel good.

"You're close?" Sarpedon asked him.

Zagreus made the considerable effort to drag himself away from Achilles to say, "yes."

"Thought so. I can feel you."

Achilles could, too. Zagreus was so wet around Sarpedon's cock that he was soaking Achilles' fingers, too. Every stroke of Achilles' thumb over his cock made him groan. "I just... he's... gods. Achilles."

"Come on, love," Achilles said, Zagreus' neediness emboldening him. "Show us how good it feels."

"Achilles!"

"Do you know how badly I've wanted to see you this way? How often I've dreamed of this?"

"Dreamed...?"

"Yes." Achilles dipped his head so he could speak into Zagreus' ear. "Every time I sleep I think of you in my arms. As soon as I saw him fucking you like this, it was all I wanted to give you the same."

Zagreus cried out, his entire body shaking as he came, rocking faster on Sarpedon's cock, taking his pleasure like the prince he was. Achilles petted his cock as best he could, but he was moving too erratically, enjoying his pleasure as long as it lasted—which seemed to be some time, long enough

that Sarpedon started stroking up and down his thighs as if he was worried for him.

"Gods, that feels good." Not too worried, it seemed. "You get so tight."

Zagreus chuckled, leaning against Achilles' shoulder. "Wow. Fuck, I—do you mind if I go with him...?"

"Not a bit," Sarpedon said. "I think I have somebody else's eye on me."

It was Patroclus he was referring to, who had joined them without Achilles even noticing it, slotting himself in next to Achilles. Antilochus was making his way through the crowd with more difficulty, having stopped because he was pulled into an embrace. Pat's eyes were on Sarpedon's, true to his word, and he clapped Achilles on the shoulder.

"I think I owe the man something, given that I did, in fact, end his life."

"I agree," Sarpedon said, sitting back and allowing Patroclus into his lap.

Achilles found his arms full of Zagreus, and that was enough to be fully distracting from whatever his lover and his former enemy were getting up to.

Somebody else made their way over and placed themselves against Achilles' back—his head tipped up, startled—just Antilochus. He did say he'd wanted to meet Zagreus, and he perhaps remained over-protective. Zagreus was giving him a curious look and Achilles realized that he was in the position of needing to give introductions when all he wanted was to be inside Zagreus.

"Zagreus, this is Antilochus, he was our lover when we were alive," Achilles said. "And still is, quite clearly."

"It's a pleasure to meet you, although I'm entirely certain Achilles is about to steal your attention," Antilochus said.

"Hi," Zagreus said, breathy because Achilles was tracing his fingers up his thigh, feeling the slickness of his come, the wet heat of him doused only a

little with orgasm. "In me, please, Achilles."

He curled his fingers up and in, enjoying the lush give of him. Zagreus braced on his shoulders and rolled his head with an indulgent moan. "Like this?" Achilles asked, curling his fingers and drawing another noise from Zagreus. His inner walls squeezed around Achilles' fingers, white hot.

"No," Zagreus whined, "I want—Achilles, gods."

"Just tell me," Achilles said. "I'll give you anything, you know I will."

Distantly, he registered Pat calling for Antilochus somewhere to their left, probably a good idea, as both Achilles' and Zagreus' attention was occupied. Antilochus kissed the side of Achilles' head and then Zagreus' cheek, and joined Patroclus somewhere beyond their periphery, which was narrowed only to one another, and to Zagreus' next words.

"I want your cock in me, Achilles."

Achilles thumbed Zagreus' cock with his fingers still curling inside, which made Zagreus' cry of his name turn into more of a whimper.

"Gods, please," Zagreus said. He sniffled, like his desire had him almost in tears.

"I'll give you whatever you wish," Achilles repeated.

Another shade, one Achilles didn't recognize, approached Zagreus and put a hand on his shoulder, although she spoke too quietly for Achilles to be able to catch it. He heard Zagreus' response, though:

"I only want him to touch me right now, thank you."

There was a little curl of pleasure in his chest, a feeling of possessiveness that Achilles wasn't aware he needed to worry about indulging, warming him down to his belly and making him want nothing more to claim Zagreus as his alone. When Zagreus was with Sarpedon, he had allowed any nearby shade to touch and caress him, to interrupt his riding with a kiss. Now, Zagreus only wanted Achilles.

"Like this," Achilles said, shifting himself so that his back lay against one of the many cushions piled up around the room. Thankfully, like much of Elysium, they seemed to have that indelible quality that kept them from becoming stained and sticky from the evening's entertainments. "Will you ride me?"

"Yes," Zagreus said. "Just don't lean back too far, I want to be able to kiss you."

"Of course, lad." Achilles tipped his chin up to accept a kiss now, thrusting his fingers inside Zagreus a few final times before pulling them free, making Zagreus squirm and pant as the empty feeling overwhelmed him. "Here, let me—" he helped to arrange Zagreus as if they were doing this in his bed, in complete privacy, the sounds of the orgy fading to the backdrop.

Zagreus smiled at him, drawing his lower lip between his teeth but the corners of his mouth pointing up, as Achilles drew him down far enough for his cock to breach Zagreus' rim.

"That's it, nice and slow."

"Can't." Zagreus did not go nice and slow, instead, he rocked down, wrenching a gasp from his chest. "Can't go slow. Need you."

Achilles cupped Zagreus' face, pulling him into another kiss, which stuttered and broke as Zagreus rocked on his cock and sighed into his mouth. Their foreheads pressed together and Achilles watched the flutter of Zagreus' lashes closing, the red of the inside of his lower lip as his mouth dropped open, a wet glimmer like the sheen of a freshly split pomegranate.

The feeling of being in him was like no other sensation. It should have hurt, Zagreus' internal fire flaring bright and molten with his arousal, but all Achilles felt was pleasure, all-consuming. He never wanted to pull out.

Zagreus' pace eventually did slow, despite his words, as he savored the feeling as much as Achilles did. His hands found Achilles' shoulders, and then he flashed Achilles another grin, his palms slipping down Achilles' chest and squeezing.

"Oh, Zagreus."

"Always wanted to do that," he said, repeating the motion, cupping the muscle of Achilles' pectorals and testing the give.

Achilles nipped at his collarbone for his troubles, had to hold back the urge to really sink his teeth in, his too-sharp teeth, a mark of his mother's nymph heritage, coming short of breaking Zagreus' skin. "I've always wanted to do that," he said.

"Do it again. My neck, my—my throat, I like—yes."

Achilles' obliging scrape of his teeth up Zagreus' throat was followed by a molten-hot squeeze of Zagreus' hole around his cock, and a particularly wicked twist of his hips. He really did like this—more than, it seemed.

Achilles continued to abuse his neck and throat, nipping and sucking, leaving him with a collar of little red marks in the shape of a nymph's teeth. Zagreus' hands found his hair, made fists. He didn't pull, but the hard grip was enough to make Achilles moan, and he didn't have it in him to draw back for long enough to tell Zagreus that pulling would not offend.

Each little bite was accompanied by Zagreus going tight for just a second, until eventually that molten heat was just pulsing around Achilles' cock, wet enough to drip over the crease of his hip and thigh.

In the distance somewhere, somebody was in the midst of a very noisy orgasm, a sound which made Zagreus shiver. "I'm close, too."

Achilles hummed against his throat, felt the bob of it as he swallowed, not very pronounced, but Achilles was pressed close enough to feel. "Tell me what you need," he whispered into that place, hot and red from his teeth, damp from his mouth.

"Put me on my back and fuck me," Zagreus said. Not for a moment did Zagreus falter in saying precisely what he wanted. It was a quality Achilles had always found attractive, even more so when it was Zagreus.

His cock slipped out of Zagreus as he rearranged them, pressing Zagreus into the plush bedding, and he felt cold even in the warmth of the room, in comparison to the heat of Zagreus' hole. He got back in with all possible haste.

“There—faster. I know you can, you’ve almost got Hermes beat.”

He wasn't so fast as all that, but he could fuck Zagreus at a pace the lad would appreciate. Zagreus' hands were on Achilles' chest again, squeezing and kneading at him, his legs tightening and loosening steadily around Achilles' waist.

He heard a laugh, one he could pick out from the surrounding din of sex and debauchery. Patroclus.

“I have always said that when you get Achilles going, he fucks like a dog with a bitch in heat under him.” It was crass, the kind of talk Achilles would not engage in around the prince.

Zagreus, however, replied with no concern for decorum. “He makes me feel like a bitch in heat.” It was accompanied with a crazed sort of giggle.

Achilles supposed there was no room for propriety when he had the prince nearly bent in half whilst the two of them acted as the centerpiece to a massive orgy, and all Achilles could think about was the hot pulse of Zagreus' body around his cock.

Zagreus' voice was quiet, only for Achilles. “Come on, like that, fuck, I think all I've ever wanted in the world is to come on your cock.”

“I think. You've wanted. A few other things.”

“Hah, well, that's not important, not when you're—ohgods—filling me up sohah, fuck!—go-o-ooohh!”

Zagreus' entire body went taut and he clenched on Achilles' cock like a molten vise, leaving Achilles helpless but to be dragged over the edge with him. His orgasm was intruded upon by the thought that once he spilled in

Zagreus his come must have boiled but even the strangest of mid-orgasm thoughts could not tarnish the way Zagreus cried his name.

Achilles wondered whether the whole orgy stopped to listen. He would have, if he heard somebody cry out in such perfect ecstasy, as if that tumble of syllables had been blessed by Eros himself.

He did not check to see whether there was any attention on them, his focus engrossed by Zagreus, soothing him and petting him and kissing his neck and his throat and his collarbone, the sharpness of his sweat against the places Achilles had damn near bitten through his lip.

“Look at you,” he said, awestruck with mixed lust and adoration. “You’re beautiful.”

Zagreus laughed, still sounding like he was out of his head. “Achilles,” he said. It seemed to be his only coherent thought. “Don’t pull out just yet.”

“I’ll have to soon, lad,” Achilles said. Zagreus was already shifting around, he’d likely want to go back to the festivities soon.

Zagreus made an irritated little noise. “Just a little longer. Let me feel you in me a little longer.”

Gods, he could stay in Zagreus until he got hard again. Warm and comfortable and perfect. Achilles rested his forehead on Zagreus’ sternum. “As long as you like, then,” he agreed.

Zagreus let Achilles hold him close and lay on his chest, his foot bouncing where his legs were wrapped around Achilles’ waist. Achilles, with his head tucked into Zagreus’ neck, could see nothing but could hear the roar of the continuous orgy around them, picking out voices he recognized—Antilochus and Patroclus, clearly enjoying themselves.

“Damn.” Zag squirmed again, his legs squeezing tight around Achilles’ waist. “The two of them are—wow.”

Achilles, who had seen the two of them plenty over the years they had been together, didn't need to watch to know he was correct. But it had been ever so long since he'd watched the two of them fool around in the middle of the audience. The way they always stole everyone's attention, including his own, from the first time he'd watched them kiss.

He turned his head, laying his cheek flat against Zagreus' chest. He could feel Zagreus' heart thundering beneath his ear, the rise and fall of his breath still quick even as he came down from orgasm.

Patroclus and Antilochus were enough to leave anyone at a loss for air.

Pat was riding him, legs spread wide to straddle his thick waist, bending down to kiss him and then coming up in a sinuous roll, tossing his hair out of his face and looking slyly down at his lover, who seemed quite overcome. Antilochus' palms passed over Patroclus' chest, fingers tracing the faded old scars under his pectorals, the second best gift Thetis ever gave me, only short of Achilles, he called them.

He pet the newest scar, the one Patroclus held from his death, a mark which wasn't quite as flashy as the death-scar that spread in a long, wicked slash from Antilochus' left shoulder to right hip. Then, Patroclus snatched Antilochus' hand and dragged it lower. Antilochus got the message, thumbing at Patroclus' cock lazily, letting the movement of Pat's riding do most of the work.

Achilles could feel Zagreus' hole clenching around him. The fire within him had died down a bit but he was sparking with a telltale heat, a small flame which coaxes Achilles' cock back to interest. He moaned, tipping his head to place an open mouthed kiss on Zagreus' breast.

Antilochus must have come—he seized Patroclus and dragged him into another kiss, his broad hands sinking into Patroclus' hair. He always was affectionate in such ways. His lover's pleasure had Achilles squeezing at Zagreus, feeling the slightest give of the muscle on his thigh, the sweep of his tapered waist.

Patroclus staggered a little when he stood. He flicked his hair over his shoulder again as he left their man with a cheeky pat on the head, Antilochus perfectly happy about the pair of lovely looking gentlemen who came to cuddle up to him.

“Having fun?” he asked Achilles, who was staring drop-jawed at him, the form of him like a statue carved by the hands of masters, the cant of his hips enticing and the warmth to his skin so lovely in this light. There was a telltale wetness between his thighs, Antilochus’ come and his own slick.

A mortal like a god, truly. Even Zagreus was looking at him as if Pat had stepped off Olympus and into their arms.

He kissed Achilles’ mouth first, then lay on his side, arranging himself artfully on a cushion, close enough that one of Zagreus’ feet brushed his thigh. “The two of you are a picture,” he said. “I’d never forgive myself if I didn’t insinuate myself in such beauty.”

“Oh—Patroclus, I—“

“Do you want me too, Prince?” His voice was soft, betraying a little anxiousness. Even as Zagreus looked at him like he wanted nothing more, Patroclus worried the answer may not be ‘yes’.

Naturally, it was, “of course, Patroclus,” because Pat was the loveliest creature to ever grace mortal life.

“Sweet lad,” Patroclus said, borrowing Achilles’ endearment and leaning to press his mouth to Zagreus’.

Watching them kiss, close enough to hear the soft noises of it, was enough to make Achilles’ cock twitch where he was still buried in Zagreus. This made Zagreus moan, drawing himself away from Patroclus’ mouth and then deciding to give him one more kiss. It lingered. He gave him a third.

“I want you both,” Zagreus said.

"We can arrange that," Patroclus agreed. "Are you amenable to me sitting on your face?"

"Yes, sir." The honorific had never seemed so disrespectful from him. "How do you like it? Want me to fuck you on my tongue?"

"Gods." Patroclus was not normally affected by filthy talk, but from Zagreus' pretty mouth it sounded especially dirty. "Yes. Now, please."

Patroclus faced Achilles, knees on either side of Zagreus' head, the sparks of Zagreus' laurels illuminating the insides of his thighs. Zagreus licked up the trickles of come that slicked him there, and his hands snaked up Patroclus' thighs slowly, sensually, feeling him as if he'd wanted to touch for ages. Achilles had not noticed Patroclus still wore the white band tied around his thigh until Zagreus' fingers gripped it. He tugged Patroclus down, pulling him to his mouth.

Achilles had seen Patroclus' face in all kinds of pleasure but he was especially wonderful to look at when he was wrecked. Antilochus had gotten him halfway there, but he unwound on Zagreus' tongue, the bright orange glow that lit Zagreus from inside warming him as it slid through his folds and tasted what had already been done to him. Patroclus grasped Achilles' shoulders. He needed something to keep him steady. Achilles, who had risen up onto his knees to facilitate Patroclus' entry into their scene, was close enough to kiss him.

He didn't, just yet. Instead, he said, "he's hot, isn't he? Like a live coal against you. He's the same way around my cock."

"Nngh!" His beloved's eloquence was shattered. He was riding Zagreus' tongue, tight little rolls of his hips.

They were a circle of motion, Achilles' every thrust into Zagreus making him give little moans and whimpers that he licked into Patroclus, the resulting mess it made of Patroclus only making Achilles fuck harder. When Patroclus kissed him it was like he was drowning in this warmth, in the two of them. Zagreus was squeezing him in pulses that felt like he was going to come, or he had done so already. Achilles should have pulled back to check

on him but he couldn't, Zagreus was paradise and Achilles wanted to fill him up again and then lick him clean.

"Achilles—" his name from Patroclus drew him back. "Achilles, he'll make me—"

Achilles saw Zagreus' hands flex on Patroclus' thighs, heard a muffled moan.

"It seems our prince would like you to come in his mouth," Achilles said.

"Gods, he feels incredible. His tongue is—ah—haah—Zagreus!"

Achilles would never tire of seeing Patroclus' face as he came. It left him helpless to do anything but bury himself as deep in Zagreus as he could, leaning his forehead against Patroclus' as he found his own release.

There was a soft thump from below them as Zagreus' head dropped back onto the pillows.

"Wow," he said, with a half-crazed giggle.

Achilles agreed.

This orgy was lacking for nothing, including all the requisite supplies to clean up and take care of your lovers afterward. They tended to Zagreus together—Achilles wiped every inch of him clean and massaged any sore spots while Patroclus brought him drinks and cooed at him and kissed him. They had lost track of Antilochus (and Sarpedon, Patroclus remarked, but Achilles was not particularly interested in keeping track of Sarpedon in the first place). But surely his lover would understand that his prince took precedence for tonight.

Zagreus drew everyone's attention. Even as they cared for him he received more than one invitation for the rest of the night's festivities, all of which he declined, even when Achilles told him he ought not suspend his enjoyment for the two of them.

"You're all I need tonight," Zagreus said, the words coming easily.

“You’re all we need, as well,” Patroclus said. Achilles kissed Zagreus’ shoulder, never quite so good with his words.

“If you want another round, I’m game,” Zagreus said.

“Blood and darkness, lad. I theorized you were the god of blood and I think I have been proven correct!”

Zagreus was laughing. “I think we might need a few more tests to confirm your analysis.”

“I’ve several things in mind, actually,” Patroclus said. “We can fool around while Achilles figures out how to make his cock work again.”

“You’re an ass,” Achilles informed his other half.

His prince laughed, bright and beautiful, and Achilles had rarely been so content.

Author's Note:

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LAD NOTES!

Antilochus: in some traditions is Achilles and Patroclus' lover, he is also the man who had to tell Achilles Pat was dead and deal with the aftermath of that, and he dies after Patroclus but before Achilles, so Achilles has to deal with that as well. Poor guy. Antilochus is also the only person in the Iliad to ever make Achilles smile!

Sarpedon: a demigod son of Zeus who fought on the side of the Trojans, killed by Patroclus when Pat goes into battle in Achilles' armor. Sarpedon is the first person to notice and remark that Patroclus is definitely not Achilles.